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THE  
Knight and Shepherd's  
DAUGHTER.

To which are added

*The Pleasures of Retirement.*

*TOM BOWLING.*

*The BRITISH FAIR.*



Entered according to Order, 1799.

THE KNIGHT & SHEPHERD'S Daughter.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
came tripping on the way;  
And there by chance a knight she met,  
which caused her to stay.

Good morrow to you beauteous maid,  
these words pronounced he :  
O I shall die this day he said,  
if I have not my will of thee.

The Lord forbid the maid reply'd,  
that you should wax so wode !  
But for all that she could say,  
he would not be withstood.

Sith you have had your will of me,  
and put me to open shame :  
Now if you are a courteous knight,  
tell me what is your name ?

Some do call me Jack sweet-heart,  
and some do call me Jill ;  
But when I come to the king's fair court,  
they call me Wilful Will.

He set his foot in the stirrup  
and away then he did ride ;  
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,  
and ran close by his side.



But when she came to the broad water,  
she sat her breast and swam :  
And when she was got out again,  
she took to her heels and ran.

He never was the courteous knight,  
to say fair maid will you ride ?  
And she was ever too loving a maid  
to say, Sir knight abide.

When she came to the king's fair court,  
she knocked at the ring ;  
So ready was the king himself  
to let this fair maid in.

Now hear my prayer, my gracious liege,  
now be you judge and see,  
You have a knight within your court,  
this day hath robbed me.

What hath he robbed thee of sweetheart ?  
of purple or of pall ?  
Or hath he taken thy gay gold ring  
from off thy finger small ?

He hath not robbed me my liege,  
of purple or of pall :  
But he hath got my maidenhead,  
which grieves me worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,  
his body I'll give thee ;  
But if he be a married man,  
high hanged shall he be.

He called down his merry men all,  
by one, by two, and by three;  
Sir William used to be the first,  
but the last came he.

He brought her down full forty pouud,  
tied up within a glove:  
Fair maid I'll give the same to to thee;  
go seek thee another love.

O I'll have none of your gold she said,  
nor I'll have none of your fee;  
But your fair body I must have  
the king hath granted me.

Sir William ran and fetch'd her then  
five hundred pounds in gold,  
Saying, fair maid; take this to thee,  
thy fault will ne'er be told.

'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt,  
these words then answered she,  
But your own body I must have,  
the king hath granted me.

Would I had drank the water clear,  
when I had drank the wine  
Rather than any shepherd's brat  
should be a lady of mine !

Would I had drank the puddle foul,  
when I did drink the ale,  
Rather than ever a shepherd's brat  
should tell me such a tale !

A shepherd's brat even as I was,  
 you might have let me be,  
 I never had come to the king's fair court,  
 to crave any love of thee.

He set her on a milk-white steed  
 and himself upon a grey ;  
 He hung a bugle about her neck,  
 and so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place  
 where marriage rites were done,  
 She prov'd herself a duke's daughter,  
 and he but a squire's son.

Now marry me, or not, Sir Knight,  
 you pleasure shall be free ;  
 If you make me lady of one good town,  
 I'll make you lord of three.

Ah ! cursed be the gold he said,  
 if thou hadst not been true,  
 I should have forsaken my sweet love,  
 and have changed her for a new.

And now their hearts being linked fast,  
 they join hand in hand :  
 Thus he had both purse and person too,  
 and all at his command.

The PLEASURES of RETIREMENT.

WELCOME peaceful, calm retreat,  
Far from common ills of fate,  
Welcome joys before unknown!  
Every pleasure every blessing,  
Every bliss that's worth possessing,  
Here's delights, and here alone.

Let inspiring minds pursue  
Dangerous greatness, gilded woe,  
Tortur'd with ambitious care;  
Here such empty dreams despising,  
Far from rising as from falling,  
I avoid the tempting snare.

Heaps of wealth amass'd in vain  
Give the sordid miser pain.  
Waking dread his bosom tends;  
But content my wishes bounding,  
And soft peace my bed surrounding,  
Downy sleep my call attends.

Fraud and envy, guilt and fear,  
Breed no dire confusion here,  
Perfidy no refuge finds:  
Here no superstition reigning,  
Crowds of fancied ills containing  
Preys on weak unthinking minds.

Innocence and spotless love,  
 Truth and honour round me rove,  
 Exil'd from the guilty town :  
 Chearful studies time beguiling,  
 Wing the moments ever smiling,  
 'Till my latest sands fall down.



### T O M B O W L I N G.

**H**ere a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowlin,  
 the darling of our crew  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 for death has brought him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 his heart was kind and soft,  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 and now he's gone aloft.

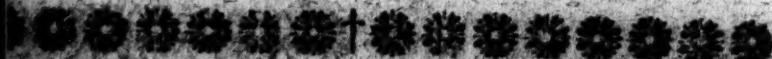
Tom never from his world departed,  
 his virtues were so rare,  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 his Poll was kind and fair

And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,  
 ah ! many's the time and oft,  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 for Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather  
 when he who all commands,

ball give, to call life's crew together,  
the word to pipe all hands.

thus death, who kings and tars dispatches;  
Tom's life hath vainly doft,  
or tho' his body's under hatches,  
his soul is gone aloft.



### The - B R I T I S H F A I R.

**D**HCE BUS meander themes disdaining,  
to the lyrist's call repair;  
ad the strings to rapture straining,  
come and praise the British fair.

iefs throughout the land victorious,  
born to conquer and to spare  
are not gallant were not glorious,  
all commanded by the fair.

the works of worth and merit,  
which the sons of art prepare,  
ve no pleasure, life, nor spirit,  
but as borrow'd from the fair.

son is as weak as passion,  
ut if you the truth declare,  
th and manhood are the fashion,  
avor'd by the British fair.

F I N I S

